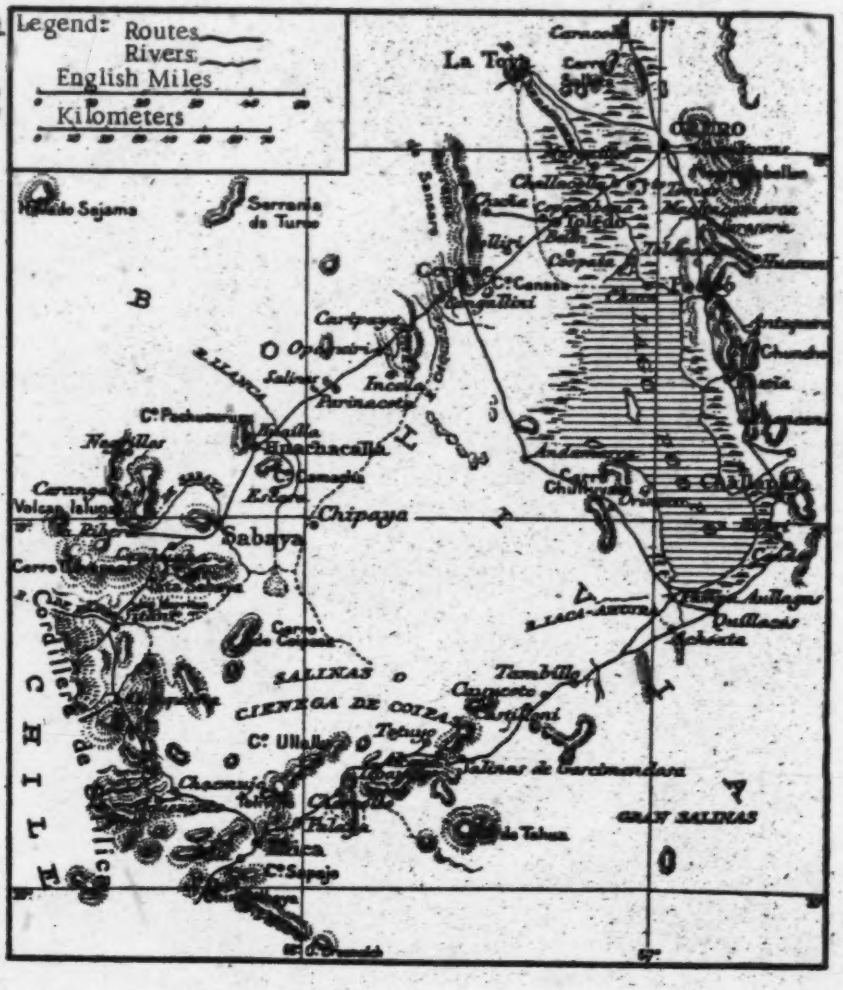
2:Métraux--4 E-5 (1930-1931) 1935, 1936 SF24 Uru SF24
Carangas-
Chipaya

/112 cont./

102
131
133
489



Map 1. — Carangas Province, after J.-B. Minchin.

Carangas—
Chipaya

/339 cont./

*1178 341 and decorated with small earthen cornices which make them vaguely comparable to miniature pagodas. The niche always faces east and generally contains coca leaves, dishes with the remains of offerings, small bottles full of alcohol, morsels of copal, and little lamps /340/ with tallow. Some coins are also to be found there. These curious constructions are carefully painted white and are numerous not only in the village but also in the whole extent of Čipaya territory, where they tend to be distributed in long strings. They alternate with tiny chapels which are within an enclosure and also decorated with cornices. The interior of these chapels is completely bare, and on the earthen altar one rarely finds anything other than the remains of offerings. However, one may make some bizarre discoveries there: tea boxes containing the oddest objects, cheap little mirrors, pious or secular pictures taken from illustrated magazines which have come to be stranded in these distant parts.

*1178 346 171 [487] [491] . Chapels and oratories are particularly abundant in the whole of Carangas Province. They are generally on top of mountains in the middle of the desert. Paths and even superb roads lead to them in a straight line, without regard for rugged places and sloping ground. These strange monuments which stand out against the grey of the mountains and which, distorted by mirage, look like temples or churches radiantly white, all contain the remains of offerings and some rare decoration. Near the village of Kala, a day and a half from Chipaya, I saw a whole group of these chapels carefully kept up and, in addition, bearing a small shelter for pilgrims. One could see piles of excrement there, drawn from the entrails of sacrificed animals, and traces of blood. At the foot of the hill there were stone enclosures for llamas. From this place [491] roads five to six meters wide broke away and led in straight lines to all the points of the horizon. These large avenues, absolutely clean, did not seem to have been used for a long time. I never had the leisure to follow them to the end, but I believe that they would have led me to some village or to some group of houses forming

*1178 171 an estancia or an ayl'u. The Indians never wanted to give me any information about the purpose of these sanctuaries, and the priest

[17th Century]

/36 cont./ There is another pueblo four leagues east-west of Challacollo called Toledo, whose Indians are resplendent, skillful, courteous..., these Indians came from other Provinces and the Inca settled them there, to become masters of those Uros, but he could not (as neither could the religious) use soap to whiten an Ethiopian: they are somewhat less crude, but they are still without breeding....

...How many times did our religious, at the peril of their lives (owing not to the depth of the water but to the thickness of the totora) go to save Indians of over 30 and 40 years of age who were unbaptized and who had never come to a town.... Their idolatries are to worship the sun and this lake....They are inclined to steal...they are wolves because they will eat a raw sheep and they wear the nail of the right thumb so long and so sharp /37/ that they can tear it up without need of a knife....For years I heard it said in that Province, like a refrain: "From the Uro Indian, no man is safe..../Translated from the Spanish./

(Ibid., I, 650-651.)

In the second volume La Calancha mentions the Uros of Titicaca under the name of Ochozumas. These Indians were centered in the totora beds of the Desaguadero /"outlet"/ and on the small island of Simillake.

...They are lords of this totora bed, they have it all defiled, and they have made passageways, and hidden paths throughout, and they set deadly ambushes for those who, unaware of the hidden spot, dare to enter the totora bed, as we shall see later. These Ochozuma Indians, in the safety of this cover, have dared in former years to commit great misdeeds, robbing, laying waste neighboring pueblos and ranches, stealing livestock, clothing, and whatever else they could lay their hands on. These last few months their audacity has been great, they made forays openly and in the light of day, into the pueblo of Guaqui, seat of the corregidor of the Pacages, so that the region was terrified, and the royal road of these realms was unsafe..../Translated from the Spanish./

A 346 [1098] We stop for a moment at the village[1] church which is protected, like our temples in the Far East, by a guardian god in the form of one of the monoliths taken from Tiahuanacu. The early paintings in their charming frames are in bad condition and some much-needed repairs were proceeding on the roof; there is an embossed silver altar as we find them even in small villages in the highlands of Bolivia, and a rather decayed but well-proportioned gilded baroque pulpit. As we were about to leave, an Indian woman entered. She held in one hand her bowler hat and in the other a bottle of alcohol. Having made a deep genuflection she presented the bottle to a statue of the Virgin, crossed herself, kissed her thumb, and was gone.

A 346 353 358

A 782 788

U 114 489 We followed the road towards the lake till we came to a cart-track which seemed to run parallel with the Desaguadero river as it flows out of the lake. After a short distance the track ended. The professor said: "We just go straight ahead keeping the river in sight". The ground was strewn with boulders and clumps of spiky grass, the two cars heaved and rolled; finally we disembarked the photographic material and followed on foot, the professor like the Pied Piper leading the procession. The cinema material represented a considerable weight which at that height seemed twice as heavy. For two hours we gasped and stumbled along; finally nearing the river we heard a dog barking and saw a small adobe house inhabited by a raucous bad-tempered woman of uncertain age who sent us to the devil. We panted up a little hill, and on the other side there appeared a number of small adobe houses. The professor was still in full cry, striding ahead heedless of the panting group to the rear. But finally realizing that there is a limit to human endurance, he gave way gracefully, and we had lunch. The meal being dispatched, we approached the village, where Vellard called on the mayor, and, accompanied by a number of the inhabitants, joined us. He explained that we must go to the house of the local centenarian, where we should film her, her daughter Jesusa and her son-in-law of some eighty-odd years.

U [361] 114

U 123 624

U 124

[1] [i.e., the village of Tiahuanacu --Analyst]

SF24 Uru SF24
Iru Itu

114 temptation should not be placed in his way. I drove hurriedly down to the mayor's house and told the others that I personally felt that another twenty-four hours of hunger and thirst, while the professor studied Uru cooking, was an unattractive prospect. One [485] of the boys wanted to go to Guaqui, so we took him [487] as guide. He directed us along quite a respectable track, which we had missed by a few hundred yards. As we passed the raucous lady's abode she hailed us with a volley of oaths. She had kept a stone in readiness, which, her anger impeding her accuracy, fell wide by a long distance. We finally joined the main highway to La Paz and almost immediately went down with a flat tire. Carlos opened the trunk and as he lifted the jack, out toppled the little Primus-stove. We looked at each other, and swiftly and silently, we pushed it back into oblivion.

[p. 314-B]